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THE

MANGO STORY.

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No. 1. *One Pie.*

THE MANGO STORY.

One day two little boys, as they were going through a mango grove, saw the mangoes on the trees, ripe and very beautiful. As it was a very hot day, these little boys were very thirsty. Then the younger of the two, Narayan, was preparing to gather some of the fruit with a bamboo, when Gopal, who was older than he, said to him, "O Narayan, don't pluck these mangoes." The following conversation then took place.

Narayan.—Gopal, why do you tell me not to pluck them? If you

look at them, have you no longing for them?

Gopal.—Yes; it is true: but they are not yours, and they are not mine.

Nar.—Oh, never mind; if only you say nothing, who will know?

Gop.—Well, Narayan, I will tell you a little story; listen well. One day a man seeing some beautiful fruit on a tree, thought within himself that if he were to gather and sell it, he would make a little gain. Taking his little son with him and going to the tree, he called his son and said, "Look here, my boy, some one may be coming; you must look about carefully;" and then he climbed the tree. As soon as he had climbed up it, he again called his son and said

softly, "Is any one coming? look well on all four sides, north and south, east and west."

Son.—Father, as you bid me, I have looked well on all four sides; no one is coming.

Father.—Is it really so? look all round; look well.

S.—No, father, no one is coming.

F.—If so, do you come near, and collect all the fruit which I throw down.

S.—Father, see, some one is looking.

F.—Where? who is looking?

S.—Father, God is looking from heaven, and besides, He has said in His word, "Thou shalt not steal."

F.—"My son, I forgot that. I am coming down." So saying, he came down, and from that time never stole again.

Narayan.—Well, Gopal that is a good little story; but if God does see, let Him see; what of that?

Gopal.—O Narayan, I have never thought about this in the way you are thinking of it. The reason why you think so is because you do not come to our school, and do not know the true God whom Christians worship. This God is the true God. It is no wonder to me that you ask, what if God does see, what can He do? For after the way that Krishna, whom you and your parents till now worship, himself be-

haved, what does it matter to him if you do steal? Nothing at all. But listen. Does it not seem plain from this that your religion is a wrong religion? Besides, you know very well that stealing is wrong. For if, without you knowing it, I were to steal the bracelet from your arm, would you agree to it? You would not. Would you, Narayan?

Nar.—No, I should not agree. Besides, if I could prove that you had stolen it, I would have you put in prison.

Gop.—Narayan, hear what I say. The Lord who is the great God, besides being very angry at all sin, has said that He will punish sinners, and that until they become good, they cannot come and dwell with Him.

Nar.—Gopal, who will make us good? I have done many things wrong, I know, and so you must have done.

Gop.—Yes, I agree that I have done many things wrong. Therefore every day in the morning I pray to God and say, O Lord, create within me a clean heart; make me a new creature in Christ Jesus; turn me, and then I shall be turned, for Thou art the Lord my God; create within me true repentance for my sins, and forgive them in mercy: shew me the way in which I should walk and lead me in it: forgive me all my sins, and for the sake of Jesus Christ make me holy, O Lord. *Amen.*

Nar.—Gopal, who is Jesus Christ?

God.—Jesus Christ is the Saviour of every one that believes in Him, and the Friend of little children.

Nar.—What! the friend of little children! Till now I have never heard of a God who is the friend of little children.

God.—And I was like you till I heard of Jesus Christ. Now I will tell you a little story that I know: listen attentively. In a school there was a little boy. One day he fell sick. When he was ill, he took out the Bible of the Christians and read it to a woman and said, "Nurse, I am soon going to die and see the Lord Jesus: my body will be buried in the ground; but my soul will go to live with Christ the Lord,

for He has said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven!' I know I have often done many wrong things. But in order that I might not be punished for them, Jesus Christ came into this world for me, and suffered in my stead. Therefore the Lord now sees nothing in me to be punished, but loves me as his own child. Yes, Jesus Christ died for me. Oh! how He loves! Nurse! you too must believe in Him; then you will be saved." When he had said this, he sang a little hymn and died. Oh! Narayan have you ever heard that any boy who worshipped idols ever died so happily?

Nar.—No, I have never heard of any. I shall ask my father to

let me come to your school that I may learn all these things.

Gop.—Do so, Narayan, it will be a very good thing; and now lay up carefully in your mind three verses of the Bible, which I am going to tell you:—

1*st*. Thou shalt not steal.

2*nd*. The wicked shall be turned into hell.

3*rd*. This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.

Nar.—Very well, Gopal I will try to remember them, and I should like in a few days to speak to you again about these things.

Gop.—And I too should like to speak to you.

Nar.—When will you come again to this tree and tell me another story?

Gop.—I will come as soon as I can. Salaam, Narayan.

Nar.—Salaam, Gopal.

After this, these two little boys went away, the one to his school, the other home to tell his mother what he had heard.

THE THIEF.

WHY should I deprive my neighbour
 Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labour,
 Not to plunder or to steal.

'Tis a foolish self-deceiving,
 By such tricks to hope for gain;
All that's ever got by thieving,
 Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

Oft we see the young beginner
Practice little pilfering ways,
Till grown up a harden'd sinner;
Then the gallows ends his days.

Theft will not be always hidden,
Though we fancy none can spy;
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye.

Guard my heart, O God of heaven,
Lest I covet what's not mine;
Lest I take what is not given,
Guard my heart and hands from sin.

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

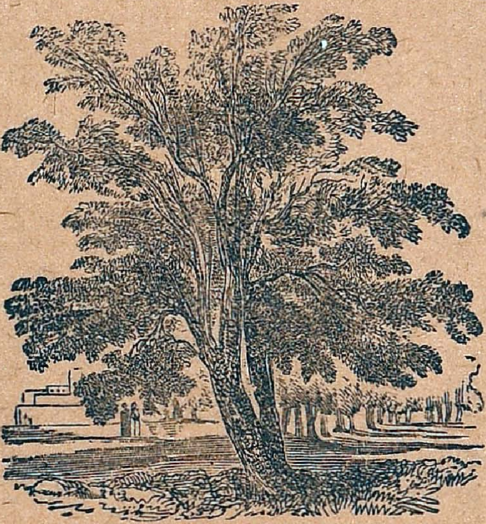
ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night;
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ
Against the judgment-day.

And must the crimes that I have done
  Be read and publish'd there;
Be all exposed before the sun,
  While men and angels hear?

Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie,
  Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
  And blot them from thy book.

Remember all the dying pains
  That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
  And answer for my guilt.

Oh may I now for ever fear
  To indulge a sinful thought;
Since the great God can see and hear,
  And writes down every fault.

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